

The Highland Weekly News.

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CAPTURE OF N. ORLEANS. Scenes Along the River and in the City.

Commodore Farragut in his official report of the capture of the City of New Orleans modestly says that "it has been done in what I conceive to be a handsomely manner," and the whole country is of the same opinion. The vivid pictures of the scenes along the river and in the City, before and after the capture, which we take from the New York Herald, are of extraordinary interest:

FLAG SHIP, April 24—P. M.

THE START TOWARD NEW ORLEANS.
At 11 o'clock this morning we up anchor for New Orleans, leaving the Quaker and Wisconsin to guard the Quarantine and keep possession of the river, which led us toward Capt. Boggs of the Veruna, went down to Gen. Butler known of our success. As we left our anchorage we found for some miles the houses on either side decorated with white flags, and in several instances tattered and torn American ensigns waved over fishing luggers and houses. We were greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs, and the people seemed glad to see us. In some instances, a rapid scowling noted with utter contempt at our presence. Everywhere along the river we saw people on horseback, riding to and fro in great haste, telling the news of our approach. The telegraph wire was cut every few miles, but the people in New Orleans were warned early of our success at the fort, and were preparing for us. As we advanced up the river, the plantations spread themselves out in great beauty; the negroes left their labors and came to the levee, and seemed in perfect ecstasies at our advancing movements.

During the afternoon we saw dense volumes of smoke in the direction of the city of New Orleans, and we judged from appearances that something was on fire. At eight o'clock we came to anchor about 18 miles below the city of New Orleans.

Friday, April 25.

SHIPS AND COTTON ON FIRE.
At a few minutes past midnight the cry of "fire" started us, and looking up the river three large lights were seen, and to avoid any danger we got under way and cruised about the river for an hour or so, till we found that the lights became stationary. By the time we had dropped anchor the order came to up anchor; but it was not until half past five o'clock that we were all under way. As we steamed along we found that our fire rafts were five large ships with full cargoes of cotton, and they were nearly consumed.

THE BATTERIES NEAR NEW ORLEANS—THEY OPEN FIRE.

At a quarter of 11 we discovered two works known as the Chalmette Batteries, one on each side of the river. One, I should judge, contained ten and the other eight guns. The signal was immediately made to prepare for battle. No fire was flying on either work, nor did they hoist one at any time. At 12 o'clock both batteries opened fire on the Cayuga. At the end of twenty minutes we were within about fifty yards of the battery of ten guns, one being a mortar. Then we let drive a broadside. Its effect was terrible, and nearly silenced the work. Another broadside of grape, five seconds shell and a sprinkling of shrapnell finished that work; but as the rebels did not hoist a white flag, as they should do, we gave them another touch up, three cheers and then left them to run as fast as they chose. The other battery was soon silenced, this ship throwing in a broadside to aid in the good work.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SHIPPING BY THE REBELS.

The river was filled with ships on fire, and all along the levee were burning vessels, no less than eighteen vessels being on fire at one time, and the enemy were firing others as fast as they could apply the torch. Such vandalism was never heard of. The atmosphere was thick with smoke, and the air hot with flames. It was a grand but sad sight. Hundreds of dollars worth of property was being wantonly destroyed.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE CAPTURED CITY.

The view from our decks was one such as will never in all human probability be witnessed again. A large city lay at our mercy. Its levee was crowded by an excited mob. The smoke of the ruined millions worth of cotton and shipping at times half concealed the levee. Brigades and river craft as fast as possible; the people were rushing to and fro. Some of them cheered for Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, etc., and used the most vile and obscene language towards us and the good old flag. Pandemonium was here a living picture. Order was to them a thing past and forgotten, and the air was rent with yells of defiance.

CAPTAIN BAILEY GOES ON SHORE.

At two o'clock Captain Bailey went on shore, flying a flag of truce, to communicate with the authorities. As the boat drew near the levee the mob carried the flag and everything pertaining to it. It was with the greatest difficulty that the naval officers reached the City Hall, where the City Council, the Mayor and Major Gen. Lovell were waiting the arrival of our communications.

THE DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF THE CITY AND REPLY.

Flag officer Farragut sent word to the

authorities that he demanded the surrender of New Orleans, and assured them of the protection of the "old flag." The city being under martial law, the civil authorities of course could do nothing. Major Gen. Lovell, with all the bluster he could make, said, "I will never surrender the city." He was politely informed that the city was in our power, and as much as we regretted the wanton destruction of property, we would not disturb them, provided they made no demonstration against us. After some talk, Lovell agreed to evacuate the City with its troops (from eight to fifteen thousand) and turn the city over to the civil authorities, and that they might do as they pleased.

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The next morning all the marines of our fleet present, embarked in small boats, and went on shore to raise the Stars and Stripes on the Custom House and Post Office. Two howitzers from the ship were sent on shore to assist in covering the troops. The duty of hoisting the flag and hauling down the State flag of Louisiana, which floated defiantly from the City Hall, was delegated to Commander H. H. Bell, our distinguished Fleet Captain. The landing of the marine corps, about 100 strong, was the signal for the gathering of a large crowd, who followed the marines, but made no remarks. Their faces showed that they feared the guns of the fleet they would have made short work of the marine corps. Forming in proper military order, the line of march was made for the Custom House, where the Stars and Stripes were hoisted. It was precisely forty minutes past eleven o'clock when its folds fluttered in a light Southern breeze. The ceremony being over they marched to the City Hall, and the flag of the State was hauled down at precisely thirty-two minutes past twelve o'clock. The pleasing duty of hoisting the flag of the free, and hauling down the flag of the deluded and desperate, was by Captain Bell assigned to George Russell, boatswain's mate of the flagship Hartford. The marines returned on board of their several ships at one o'clock. Just as the boats shoved off from the levee a few boys and blackguards hissed and made other demonstrations of their displeasure.

GEN. BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The proclamation of Gen. Butler, of which we give an abstract, was handed in at all the printing offices and refused. When the guard came to the True Delta office and were refused, they halted, took possession, sent for Northern printers, set it up and put it in the form, and worked it off in the edition. The proclamation commences by stating a fact but too well known to the rebels, viz: the possession of the city by the forces of the United States, and goes on to say that, "Three before has the city of New Orleans been rescued from the hands of a Foreign Government, and still more calamitous and domestic insurrection, by the money and arms of the United States. It has of late been under the military control of the rebel forces, claiming to be the peculiar friends of its citizens, and each time in the judgment of the commander of the military forces holding it, it has been found necessary to preserve order and maintain quiet by the administration of law martial. All persons in arms against the U. S. are requested to surrender themselves up. All flags, except those of the United States and foreign Consulates are to be suppressed. All well disposed persons, upon taking the oath of allegiance, are to receive protection. All persons still holding allegiance to the Confederate States shall be deemed as enemies and considered as such. All unnaturalized foreigners claiming allegiance to their respective governments, and not having made allegiance to the rebels, shall be protected. The keepers of public property will make returns thereof, to headquarters; rights of property will be held inviolate. All inhabitants are to pursue their usual avocations as in times of peace. The killing of an American soldier is murder, and will be so considered. Military Courts are to try all crimes of an aggravated nature; Circulation of Confederate bonds prohibited; circulation of Shiplifters allowed so long as there are fools to receive them. No publications detrimental to interests of the U. S. will be allowed; Any Union Soldier committing outrages upon person or property will be severely punished. "And while it is the desire of the authorities to exercise this government mildly and after the usages of the past, it must not be supposed that it will not be vigorously and firmly administered as occasion calls."

THE HOSPITAL ROBBERS.—The examination of Alfred W. Hinds, of Toledo, charged with being concerned in stealing Army and Hospital Stores, has resulted in his being held to bail by the U. S. Commissioner at Toledo in the sum of \$2,000.

The examination showed that a wholesale system of robbery had been carried on in connection with one or more army surgeons, and a large amount of the stolen goods has been recovered. The robberies took place chiefly in the Lebanon, Ky. hospital, and much of the property was from the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio.

U. S. Marshal Bill, who has taken an active part in the examination, has discovered some matters showing that a similar system of robbery has been going on in a Virginia army hospital.

Gen. Fremont's Army.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing on the 19th, thus describes the position of Gen. Fremont's army, and the difficulties of obtaining supplies for its subsistence:

FRANKLIN, VA., May 19, 1862.

By observing the map, it will be seen that nearly the entire army of Fremont are now outside of Western Virginia, which includes only the portion west of the Allegheny Mountains. The army here under Gen. Fremont leave the Baltimore Road west of the Allegheny Mountains, at New Creek, and have marched southward in the valley between the Allegheny and Shenandoah Mountains, through the counties of Hampshire, Hardy and Pendleton. To this place, the county seat of Pendleton, the pike from New Creek runs west of Romney and Moorefield, two considerable towns. The only village of any size that we pass on this route is Petersburg, numbering some two or three hundred inhabitants. This place is also about the same size. Banks' army proceeds southward about forty miles east of this, through the valley between the Shenandoah Mountains and the Blue Ridge, the Manassas Railroad, from Washington through Strasburg, now runs within a few miles of Banks' camp, so that he can readily procure supplies by way of Washington. But the only means of obtaining supplies for our army is by hauling them from New Creek, a distance of seventy miles.

There is a turnpike all the way, but it is little better than a mud road, and wherever a little stream crosses, there being no bridges, the mud is terrible, the teams straining and having great difficulty in getting over.

When Schenck and Milroy fell back on this point, they were destitute of forage and rations. Fremont and his forces came up to their support by forced marches, and were only able to bring with them rations for three or four days. The rains for several days past have made the roads terrible, and the teams make but slow progress. This morning nearly all the regiments were without bread.

Ten wagons have just arrived loaded with bread, which will probably give the men half a ration apiece. But what is to be done for the future, is hard to tell. Unless the Government supplies this department with a greater amount of transportation, a portion of this army will be obliged to fall back to New Creek. The War Department was advised of our wants some time since, but as yet has extended no relief. The rebels are in a state of equal destitution with ourselves. For want of supplies, they have been obliged to abandon Monterey and McDowell again, and fall back toward Staunton, where they have railroad connection via Charlottesville with Richmond and Lynchburg. After Richmond falls they may be able still to draw supplies, for some time, by way of Lynchburg and Charlottesville.

[From the Wheeling Intelligencer, May 25th.]

Gen. Fremont's Situation.

One of our editorial corps returned last evening from Franklin, Pendleton county, eighty miles south of New Creek, which was, up to Sunday last, the headquarters of Gen. Fremont. It is distant twenty-four miles from Monterey, and 65 miles from Staunton, and is on the same line of latitude with New Market, Gen. Banks' former headquarters in the adjoining valley. It is a place hard of access from New Creek, by reason of two rivers intervening, and also on account of the miserable condition of the road along the mountains that skirt the South Branch. It was to this place that Gen. Milroy and Schenck fell back after the battle of McDowell, and to which Gen. Fremont came on a forced march from Petersburg thirty miles this side. The place itself is a miserable, equal village of old huts in the midst of a cordon of hills, and is capable of being strongly defended with a comparatively small force. Jackson pursued Milroy and Schenck to Franklin, and would have brought on a battle possibly, had not Fremont come up with his reinforcements.

On Saturday last, late in the day, Gen. Fremont received a dispatch from the Secretary of War to fall back with his entire command to the support of Gen. Banks, and at daylight on Sunday the troops commenced breaking camp by regiments, and by 10 o'clock in the day that whole army of over 20,000 men were on the move. It was a grand sight to see them breaking camp. They took up their line of march with colors flying and bands playing. The day was a most beautiful one, and the mountain air was just bracing enough to be inspiring. The troops were in excellent mood. Within the last twenty-four hours they had succeeded in getting full rations, something which they had not had for several days previous. They were eager for a fight, and the whole line sang exulting songs as they filed out into the main road.

No one outside of the General's confidential advisers, of course, knows the object of the move, but the guessing was remarkably accurate. Some said the idea was to get nearer our supplies; others to get in the rear of the rebels, and in conjunction with McDowell, "bag" them after they had chased them far enough. Others supposed it was to protect our communication with New Creek and Cumberland, by means of a line thrown out from Moorefield to Green Spring Run, which will probably turn out to be the correct supposition.

The march for the first twenty miles was slow and hard. The roads were

cutted as deep as they could be, and the heavy artillery was dragged along with great difficulty—many of the pieces requiring six, eight, and even ten horses. The first day's journey was to the upper crossing of the South Branch of the Potomac—the place where the rebels burnt the bridge, and which we were obliged to span with a pontoon. The next day's march was intended to be a distance of some twenty-five miles, to a point between Petersburg and Moorefield. We presume it was made, as the General was hurrying forward with all speed. What the finale of the march will be of course is a matter only of speculation. We will all know in a day or two.

The country from New Creek to Petersburg—forty-two miles—is beautiful beyond description. No lovelier valley was ever formed than that which lies between the Alleghenies on the West side, and the Shenandoah on the East side. It is rich too, and in times of peace yielded the most abundant harvests of grain. This year there will be but a slim crop, because so little land was sown. The yield of fruit, however, promises to be greater than was ever known before.

The people in Hardy county along in this valley, incline to be loyal. In Pendleton county, farther on, they incline the other way. There is a vast amount of ignorance to be met with in a day's journey. Indeed the backwardness of the people in all that makes up advancement and progress, is in striking contrast with the beauties and capacities of the country. Very few school-houses are to be seen. The people nearly all wear homespun—talk a winning vernacular—and are anything and everything in their politics, according as they find you are. There are many exceptions of course, for there are the very strongest exceptions to be met with, both on the side of the Union and secession, especially among the female persuasion, who are elsewhere are quite violent in their feelings and expressions about the war.

Bushwhacking seems to be just cleverly commencing, and Gen. Fremont is nipping it in the bud as promptly as possible. His scouts have made short work of some of the whackers and forest men of the region. If the enemy had made even shorter work of all who are caught. We may expect to hear of exciting incidents along the line of his command both in the guerrilla line and in other respects, in a few days.

[From the New York World.]

Justice to Gen. Banks.

General Banks seems, though a very good executive officer in civil life, not to be blessed with the wisdom, skill, and promptitude of a good military officer. The enemy seemed to have understood all his points, and to have watched and attacked the weakest of them, following up his advantages with a rapidity and success that have not only resulted in great mischief to all the Union sentiments and interests of the Valley of the Shenandoah, but producing panic and discomfiture in the country.

—[Eve. Express.]

This is unjust. Gen. Banks is no more to blame for what has happened than is the Express. He displayed rare military talent in following up Jackson, and retreating only when ordered to do so by the War Department. Against his wishes and remonstrances, he was stripped of all save four thousand troops, and with these he could not stand before the sixteen thousand of the enemy. The general really to blame was McDowell, a regularly educated officer, who, with a large and finely appointed army, was completely befuddled by the enemy. He was convinced that Jackson was about to attack Fredericksburg and clamored for more troops. The War Department believed him, and did not credit Gen. Bank's warning as to the real point of attack. Hence the blunder and disaster. As a matter of simple justice the government should give Gen. Banks an important command. He has been too long kept in the background at the bidding of unscrupulous and incompetent regular officers.

The following note is from our special correspondent with Gen. Banks' column. From the date and location it will be seen it was written previous to the retreat. It proves that Gen. Banks was not to blame.

STRASBURG, VA., May 22.

Gen. Banks telegraphed to the War Department that information that could be relied on had been received of the position of Jackson's and Ewell's forces, and asked permission to combine his own forces with Banks' and Shields' to attack them. He received the reply that they had positive information that Jackson was then near Fredericksburg with Ewell, threatening McDowell. A deserter who came in and desired to be sent to Illinois, brought the information to Gen. Banks upon which his request was founded. He told a very straight story, and appeared to be very reliable. He gave a particular account of what Jackson had been doing, ever since we left him near Harrisonburg. He went through Brown's Gap near Charlottesville, and then took the railroad for the purpose of reinforcing Johnson in the neighborhood of Milroy. He arrived six hours after the fight, and ever since then has withdrawn to a point eight miles from Harrisonburg near the bifurcation of the Shenandoah, at which place he is now located.

The U. S. Marshal has seized all the printing offices in Nashville, as forfeited for treasonable publications.

The Battle of Williamsburg.

No official report of this battle has yet been published, but the statements from reliable sources show that it was a very bloody affair, and that through the mismanagement of Gen. Sumner, who was in command of our forces, they suffered a heavy loss, and came near being repulsed. A correspondent of the New York World says:

The more complete are our returns from and understanding of the positions and fortunes of the various corps engaged, the more glaring is the fact that not half so much was accomplished by us as should have been, and that what luck we had was owing—first, to the bravery of our troops; second, to the opportune though late arrival of Gen. McClellan on the field.

The truth might as well be told. It is lawful, as I believe, to narrate all facts connected with a battle fought.

Gen. Sumner shamefully mismanaged the affair. He must have disappointed the commanding General. From some unaccountable squinty he deferred awaiting himself of the two best troops standing in idle reserve. He allowed Gen. Hooker, with not more than ten thousand effective men, to maintain a most distressing and unequal contest against twice or three times his number from 7 o'clock in the morning until the middle of afternoon. Gen. Hooker's regiment expended all their ammunition; some of them held their positions hours after their cartridge boxes were empty, and lost scores of men with no power to injure the enemy. His left was turned; he was forced partially to fall back, he suffered terribly, and when reinforcements at last came it was too late to make anything more than a draw game of our main battle on the left wing.

On the right—though Hancock's superb coolness of movement gave us the victory for which Hooker had been so steadily contending all day—on the right, I say, the management was even better. It was criminal to send only five thousand men on a flank movement requiring several miles circuit through forests and ravines. If the enemy had thrown ten regiments around Hancock, as he might, instead of three, he would have crushed us to powder.

If Hooker had been early and strongly supported he would have carried the intrenchments, and captured thousands of prisoners before noon of that trying day.

So much for the chief manager. In consequence of his and other drawbacks, crimination and recrimination prevailed throughout the action between the leaders of the corps d'armes who participated in its conduct.

Conversations with many of the more intelligent prisoners taken by us have induced me, and I most fully believe: First, That the forces actually opposed to us were only Longstreet's and Gustavus A. Smith's divisions—together numbering not over 30,000 men, and that only a portion of Smith's had a chance to share in the contest.

Second, That the main body of the rebel army, perhaps 75,000 men, were within a league's distance from the field.

Third, That if the rebels, consequently, had been cognizant of our bad management, they might have punished us severely, but that

Fourth, Their only wish was to make as good light as possible with their rear-guard, and so fairly cover their retreat.

Finally, our losses in the affair sum up an unlooked for total of near twenty-five hundred killed, wounded, and missing. The rebels must have lost about three thousand. We have over 700 prisoners, besides 800 of their wounded, on our hands. They captured one of our batteries and made good their evacuation. On the other hand we have their formidable line of works, siege guns, and position, and are driving them in some confusion before us.

The Rebel Movement on Winchester.

The movement of the rebels into the valley of Virginia was not, on their part, a hasty and inconsiderate enterprise. On the 7th inst., the Richmond correspondent of the Memphis Appeal wrote:

We have been expecting all day tidings of a battle from Gen. Jackson. Having effected a junction with Edward Johnson (of Allegheny Mountain) he was this morning to have attacked the Yankees under Milroy, at a point six miles beyond Staunton, while Banks was held in check by Ewell, who is stationed at Swift Run Gap. Jackson's programme was to march, immediately after having dispatched Milroy, (which seemed an assured success,) up the valley, and unite with Ewell, to fall upon Banks. Let us hope that it will be carried out fully, and that Banks may be utterly cut to pieces. After that, what remains?

—[Maryland—by Maryland.]

We can vouch for the authenticity of this paragraph, as we cut it from the Memphis Appeal and published it several days before the news of the attack upon Banks was received.

Communications.

[For the News.]

Sympathy for Those Whom this War has Bereaved.

We see and read so much of our soldiers, and our feelings are so largely enlisted, that we are apt to forget there are others, and I had almost said greater sufferers. It seems useless to ask sympathy for the brave men who have gone forth willingly, to endure hardships and privations, greater, and more numerous than we are wont to imagine, and can dare face danger, where death may be their doom at any moment. It is but their right, and our duty, that every heart and hand should greet them with a warm welcome. They are our own and our country's deliverers, and it is but right that care and kindness, honor and love should be theirs, and they are freely given.

But the desolate homesteads where there are mourning fathers and mothers, disconsolate widows and orphan children, bereaved brothers and sisters, and mourning friends everywhere; for those we ask, feeling assured not in vain, for your generous sympathies.

Now in the midst of rejoicing, that victory has perched upon our banner, and the emblem of the free and brave is borne triumphantly from one field of glory to another, and we know our destiny is to be written a great, powerful, and, as I believe, a most generous people, it is right that every heart throughout the great North should throb with feelings of gratitude, and every bosom thrill with emotions of patriotism, yet we should not forget the hearts wrung with anguish, which even victory has not the power to soothe and calm, because those who went out with high hopes and noble purposes are now numbered with the unreturning brave.

We sometimes feel it is almost more than we can bear when the angel of death visits our home, although we can then be with our loved ones to bathe the throbbing temples, fan the burning brow, moisten the parched lips, and care for, and wait upon them. Then we can go with them almost to the verge of the dark valley, and can almost feel the cold waters of the river of Death dashing over us. We can receive their last wishes, catch the last whisper, talk to them of Heaven, and fancy we almost see the angel throng, which is waiting to receive and welcome them on the other shore. But how much harder is it when they die "strangers in a strange land" or upon the ghastly battlefield!

When the roar of the death-dealing cannon is hushed, the rattle of musketry heard no longer, and the sword has returned to its sheath, and to the shouts of the victors has succeeded the sad duty of caring for the wounded and burying the dead, deem it not a weakness that tears come to the eyes and force their way down the cheeks of stern, brave men, as they see those with whom they had so lately talked, laughed, cooked, eaten, and slept now mangled, dead and dying; and as they receive the little mementoes, and bend to catch the dying message for the dear absent ones. Their tears prove their nobility, their manhood. Our Savior died not to weep, and if angels could sorrow with us, methinks tears would fall like rain over such scenes as our battle-fields present.

And those loved ones are waiting. Oh how anxiously, for the news which brings them only keenest sorrow. The soil where they fell and lowly lie will be sacred to their hearts, although it be in the "Sunny South," where its gentle winds will breathe over them sweet incense, gathered where flowers never cease to bloom, or birds to sport in green branches. We would much rather they "slept with their fathers" where the cold, bleak, wild winds of winter swept down from our own Northern hills, and whistle around them, or the rough, piercing wind of their prairie home, in its wild freaks could play grand discordant music over them.

But this can never be. We may not plant flowers, or weep over them. But we can be kind to, and feel for the bereaved ones around us, and pray the Great Father in his infinite mercy to comfort and bind their bleeding hearts.

C. C.

Address to the Democracy of the U. S.

An address of a portion of the so-called Democratic members of Congress, to the Democracy of the United States, has just been issued. It is evident from this, in connection with other indications, that an attempt is to be made to reorganize this party, whose policy has precipitated the present civil war upon the country, with all its deplorable consequences. Now, this attempt to reorganize and restate this party in power is to be made while this war is raging, and five hundred thousand of our citizens are exposing their lives to death by the dangers and casualties of war and the battle-field, and by implanting the seeds of disaster, which will sooner or later do its work; whilst the minds of all true men are distracted and absorbed by the rapidly unfolding events of this great crisis,—a miserable party whose past policy culminated in arraying one portion of the country against the other in deadly strife, proposes to take advantage of these awful circumstances to steal a march upon the Union people and regain that power which they have so recently lost in consequence of their corruption and base betrayal of the rights and interests of that people.

This address says: "In our own country the experience of the last twelve months proves more than any lesson in history, the necessity of party organization." If this be the case, it affords no sound reason for the restoration of a party which has been weighed in the balances of the popular verdict and found wanting.—This address quotes what they say has been their platform for thirty years—this sentiment: "The American Democracy place their trust in the intelligence, the patriotism, and the discriminating justice of the American people." If this be true, why did they not submit to the verdict of that "American people" whose "discriminating justice" has expelled them from power? This statement bears a false hood upon the face of it, for no party ever existed which has contrived more successfully, by chicanery, pretenses, changes of position, false issues, and catch-words, which ignored the intelligence and condemned "the patriotism and discriminating justice of the American people," than this party has done, to protract and subvert its existence.

This address quotes further from the Democratic platform what is said of "the popular will," as the distinctive feature of Democratic platforms. Now, what is "the distinctive feature" of the rebellion, of the origin, motives, and objects of which they have not one word of condemnation? Was not that "rebellion set up in disregard and defiance of that "popular will," as evinced in the constitutional election of a President, upon a platform announced and submitted to "the intelligent patriotism and discriminating" decision of the American people?

The men who issue this address, whose character is sufficiently indicated by the fact that Vallandigham, of Ohio, and Vorhees, of Indiana, are among them, say there is nothing in the crisis of the country which would justify the disbandment of the Democratic party.

The more immediate issue is "to maintain the Constitution as it is, and restore the Union as it was." The first question which occurs is, what do these men mean when they speak of maintaining the Constitution as it is? Are they sincere? "By their fruits ye shall know them," for this is the text which they themselves propose. Are not these the very men who proposed to compromise and fritter away the principles of the Constitution in order to conciliate the slave power? Are they not ready to receive any gloss, any interpolation which may adopt the Constitution to subvert the designs and aggrandizement of the slave power? Does not their political history and course, as evinced by their votes and their affiliation with extreme Southern men, justify us in saying that they would sanction, under the name of the "popular will" and "State's rights," any perversion of that Constitution which would enlarge the area and give supremacy to the interests of slavery? When they speak of "restoring the Union as it was," they mean the restoration of slavery, with all its privileges, prerogatives, and immunities, as enjoyed under the 60 years' reign of the Democratic party. The restoration, then, of the Union in the eyes of the reorganizing Democracy means, only the restoration of slavery to its ancient prestige and preeminence in the nation. It means